New York Tribune

First to Last—the Truth: News—Editorials—Advertisements

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Shipping Board Policy

The reorganized Shipping Board finds itself saddled with two oppressive legacies. It is the common notion that its only problem is to liquidate the war ship-building venture. While the war was on the German submarine campaign made it necessary for the United States to produce all the new merchant tonnage possible. The government had to go into ship construction on a vast scale. The war organization which we then had decided to ignore cost in order to make good the German inroads on the world's shipping. The new fleet represented an investment of $3,000,000,000 or more. In these days of surplus bottoms and maritime prostration it probably has a market value of less than $1,000,000,000.

Government operation of a plant which is now enormously overcapitalized and for which it is difficult to obtain business will mean continuous loss to the Treasury. The only way to avoid throwing good money after bad is to sell all the ships which can be sold and to stop operating the others. If the Shipping Board had not been prevented by the Hearst injunctions from putting ships on the auction block a year or more ago, and had it not, before and after that proceeding, held them at too high a valuation per ton, the government might have cut its losses materially. Now, perhaps, two-thirds of the construction cost will have to be written off.

Such liquidation is painful, but it is a prudent business move. It is an inevitable incident of peace adjustment. But the new board is faced with another question of policy. Even before the war the Wilson Administration had conceived the idea of bringing the merchant marine under Federal control. It saw the need of restoring the American carrying trade. But it wouldn't apply the methods which the other maritime nations had successfully used. It wasn't willing to stand behind the private builder and operator, but wanted to bring the government into the shipping field as a rival builder and operating competitor.

Mr. Wilson evidently intended to make the experiment of a government-controlled marine under peace conditions. The war suddenly gave him a free hand with the merchant fleet, just as it allowed him to make a similar disastrous experiment with the railroads. It is this earlier Wilson policy which the new Shipping Board will have to aim at reversing within a reasonable period. Having tried the wrong road—perhaps an unavoidable road in 1917 and 1918—it is time to get back on the right one.

The bad effects of dual operation have been emphasized in the course of the marine engineers' strike. The government has shown a disposition to make terms with the strikers which the private companies feel would be ruinous to them. The old Shipping Board was always intent on keeping its ships moving. Yet keeping government ships moving under conditions which would strangle private enterprise simply defeats the true purpose of governmental activity in the shipping field, which is to create and sustain a merchant marine owned and operated by private capital.

Handicapping Our Trade

A bulletin of the Corn Exchange National Bank of Philadelphia remarks that the American paper trade met with great success in Argentina during the war and had such an opportunity to establish itself as may never occur again, but the opportunity was not improved.

Little pains were taken to suit Argentine tastes and needs. American mills did not make paper in the weight, size and color that the Argentinians wanted, so when the war was ended and British and German supplies were available the trade which was ours during the war "is already back in German hands."

Lower wages, and therefore lower cost of production, and other circumstances beyond our control make German competition formidable. But here are circumstances which were within our control. The rule of trade is that the seller shall provide what the buyer wants. We ignore it, and then wonder why we cannot compete successfully. In many ways the American is most adaptable, but with respect to tastes and preferences he is often psychologically stiff and stubborn.

Wasted Soldier Funds

Just another indication of the inefficiency of the method of farming out the care of war sufferers is shown in the disclosure concerning the Manhattan State Hospital. With thousands of disabled soldiers unable to obtain any sort of hospital care or financial assistance, here was one state hospital receiving from the Federal government twice as much money as it was spending on the insane veterans committed to it.

The reason is simple enough, although none the less reprehensible. The Manhattan State Hospital, established for the care of charity patients, is necessarily administered on the most economical basis. To be economical administration must be uniform; consequently a budget based on the state's allowance of a dollar a day for each patient must be made to apply to all alike. It would involve a good deal of bookkeeping and shifting of care and equipment to expend to their advantage the extra dollar allotted to each of the two hundred Federal patients. The simpler way was not to make the attempt.

But here are two hundred wards of the government, suffering from the saddest of all war afflictions through no possible fault of their own, who ought to be receiving the best care that the country affords, treated indiscriminately as charity patients among a throng of 6,500 hopelessly insane people.

As the American Legion committee discovered, Manhattan State Hospital is not equipped to deal with cases resulting from war causes. These patients need special attention to restore them to reason, their trouble being in great part temporary, provided prompt and careful treatment is administered. Permanent insanity need not necessarily be the lot of all of them. That they should have been thrown on already overcrowded state institutions entirely unfitted for the business of rehabilitating them is inexcusable. It should have been regarded not only as a duty but a privilege for the Federal government personally and independently to undertake the care and treatment of the returned soldier sick in mind or body.

Reviving River Traffic

It is an interesting anouncement that surveys are being made of the Allegheny River with a view to restoring commercial navigation as far as Olean, N. Y., a distance of approximately 200 miles from its mouth. Years ago this stream was thus utilized and was an important highway of transportation. But it was abandoned, as were many other rivers, at the time when the rapid development of railroad service caused inland navigation to fall into desuetude.

It is assumable that the Allegheny, in common with many other rivers of like history, is as capable of such utilization now as it was three-quarters of a century ago. There is a belief on the part of some that the water volume of rivers has diminished because of the destruction of the forests through which they and their tributaries flow. It is more probable that their flow, instead of being diminished, has merely been less equable. Just as much rain falls as ever, and though a little more may be lost through evaporation than formerly, very nearly as much water flows down the river channels. The difference is that now, because of the mischievous destruction of the natural storage reservoirs, the flow is not regulated, but the streams alternate between freshet and drought.

This unfortunate condition may be corrected by the construction of artificial dams and reservoirs, which will impound the precipitation when it is plentiful and release it gradually according to need when the weather is dry. In this way streams can be made even more useful for navigation than before, while the settlements along their courses will be better protected from floods. The art of canalization of rivers has made great progress in the last century, and, of course, greatly improved means of propulsion of boats have been devised.

As to the need of inland navigation there should be no further question. There is traffic enough for all available rivers and canals and for the railroads, too. In early years, when the first railroads were built in this state, legislation forbade them to carry freight in competition with the state-owned canals, or heavily handicapped them with tolls for so doing. In later years men urged complete abandonment of the canals in favor of the railroads. But experience has shown, in this country as well as in other lands, that railroads and canals paralleling each other are mutually beneficial rather than detrimental. We need the railroads, restored to prosperity and full efficiency, and we need the rivers and canals, rehabilitated after more than two generations of neglect.

Prizefighting and Relativity

As the great prizefight approaches, Mr. Dempsey's peace record during the war is being disclosed, not so much by anything written about it as by the publication of what Mr. Carpentier did at the front. Thus we see that continuous silence about any individual may in itself be a matter of news when it is brought into contrast with the activities of another. All things are relative, as Professor Einstein has so sapiently remarked.

We must pause, however, before we assume that the brutal indifference to the feelings of Mr. Dempsey of some of our more indiscreet sporting writers is impolite, or even unpatriotic. Prizefighting is one thing; patriotism another. That man is an animal has long been a matter of information and belief. That he is something more than an animal, controlled by a highly organized brain, capable of attaining great skill in directing the movements of the body toward a public end, is not always so plain.

When Mr. Carpentier steps into the arena, and the "Marseillaise" is played, it is probable that many of the spectators will experience that thrill that comes from the recognition of something enveloping him that is invisible—the spirit of France. But this will have no effect upon the material result of the fight. Moral courage and spiritual gifts are permanent attributes of the soul, while coördination of mind and body, highly interesting and important as spectacles of animal perfection, are yet strictly transient.

"Vulgar" Shakespeare

Mr. Norman Wilkinson, one of the governors of the Shakespeare Memorial Theater at Stratford-on-Avon, is no coward. Having had occasion to defend his action in turning over this sacred place for the use of films, he declares that in many cases films are better than Shakespeare. "I have seen," he writes, "performances of 'The Taming of the Shrew,' 'The Merry Wives of Windsor' and others of Shakespeare's plays that would make a Charlie Chaplin film seem innocent and beautiful—which it is."

Conservative England is naturally shocked. To Mr. Wilkinson's defiant statement that if it is a question of vulgarity "I must only say 'Read Shakespeare'," The Manchester Guardian replies that "one hopes the advice will be followed—he bears reading."

Vulgarity, after all, is largely a matter of form. Nature itself, according to Mr. Wilkinson, is essentially and eternally vulgar, and if one followed his formula it would scarcely be safe to take a walk in the country. To such a mind as his it would be quite impossible to make it clear why the Shakespeare Memorial Theater should have been preserved as a memorial to the name of the world's greatest poet rather than to the present-day silent antics of a Charlie Chaplin—as good as he is.

At the first sign of Mr. Wilkinson's disorder he should have been bound and gagged and deported to the Island of Yap.

Mental Overhead

Should those kindly enthusiasts who are constantly inventing new responsibilities for us be further encouraged, or is it now proper to suggest that our endurance is already limited, our feeble energies already overtaxed? Not content with reducing us to a daily basis of offensive efficiency, they now propose to encroach upon the seasons. Our good friends the publishers have invented a "catching" slogan, "Take along a book." Says The Publishers' Weekly: "The publicity will center not only on fiction, which ought to be a part of the contents of every vacation bag packed for the summer, but also on numberless varieties of books that fit into summer activities." For piscatorial pleasures a bewildering number of volumes, modern improvements on Izaak, suggest themselves at once. If we go touring there are appropriate anthologies of the poets, the very latest descriptions of scenery and philosophical discourses on auto repairs. The mind reels before these activities. But what is any vacation for if it is not to make us realize that there is no rest for the weary? We must return from rest periods with new lines of care showing beneath the tan.

Not that we intend to deride the true joy of reading or to minimize its wholesome compensations. But is it not high time to consider the mental overhead? In commercial parlance, the overhead is something that runs along from month to month that a business man spends most of his working time in trying to keep up with. The mental overhead begins to be even more burdensome. Think of the thoughts that we have to think every day!

Though we cut it down as much as possible the mental overhead of an ordinary vacation is not to be despised. One has to think of one's baggage, of how temperamental is a Ford, of one's car space, of one's food and shelter. In the midst of these forbidding barriers to freedom one turns back with relief to Rousseau, who remarked that the proper way to enjoy a vacation was to make many plans in advance and never carry them out. That has comfort in it. Let us cravenly yield to the importunities of our friends and take along all the books we can carry. But don't ask us to read them—only to have the privilege of implying that we have done so.

Germany's Flag

Now and then there are signs of regeneration in Germany that stir up a friendly interest in Americans. But "now and then" does not cover the more numerous periods when the old wooden-headed, wooden-skinned Hohenzollernism shows that it still is the "spirit" of the Fatherland.

Some months ago the Reichstag decided upon changes in the German national colors. Three horizontal stripes of black, red and golden yellow were to supersede the black, white and red. This was to signalize the change in the form and intentions of the government—to be an outward symbol of a new and decent Germany. President Ebert signed the regulations and they were to go into effect July 1, with a period of grace until January 1, 1922.

But a great and formidable movement has arisen in the Fatherland to preserve the old red, white and black! The Deutschland-über-Alles, sink-without-trace element is, of course, in this movement. That was to be expected. But the very men who should be first to condemn the old shame-befouled banner are protesting. The Senates of the three Hansa cities have asked the Reichstag to recall its action, arguing that the shipping business will suffer if the old familiar flag is altered.

And one concession has already been made to the "100 per cent patriots," causing them to redouble their campaign. The merchant flag was changed back to the red, white and black, with the addition of a black, red and yellow square in the upper inside corner. The moral stability of Germany is still weak. If German sailors do not reject the red, white and black, which says it is rightful to sink on sight, what hope can there be of decency in the whole people?

Mexico's Grab Law

Repeated Protests Made Against Attempted Confiscation

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: In his letter in The Tribune of June 10 Robert H. Murray, writing on the subject of Mexico, says: "It is not true that the Mexican constitution has been interpreted by the Obregon, or any other government of Mexico, as sanctioning the confiscation of properties of foreigners in Mexico without compensation."

The repeated protests of the United States government against attempted confiscation of American property are sufficient answer to that statement. In addition, there is the protest of the British government, dated April 30, 1918, signed "H. A. Cummings." There is the French protest, dated May 13, 1918, signed "F. Dejean."

It is true that President Wilson recognized Carranza only after receiving his solemn promise that his constitution would not be applied in a confiscatory manner. Mr. Murray states that we recognized the Carranza government in 1915. That was simply de facto recognition. Subsequent to that the Carranza constitution was drafted, while an American representative personally conveyed the various protests and objections of this government.

Finally, the solemn promise was made that these articles which so plainly threatened confiscation would not be interpreted in a confiscatory manner, and on that promise final de jure recognition was accorded. Immediately afterward Carranza began to interpret the constitution by outrageously arbitrary confiscatory decrees. None of these decrees has been abrogated since Obregon became President.

CHESTER T. CROWELL.

New York, June 11, 1921.

Let Movies "Swat the Fly"

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The fly season of 1921 has begun. In spite of the agitation against the fly, which has been carried on since the Merchants' Association first demonstrated the fact that the fly is one of the most dangerous of disease germ carriers, there is still need for impressing upon the public the necessity for constant warfare against this pestiferous insect.

The "movies" constitute one of the most powerful educational agencies in the world. It is this fact that brings criticism down upon them when they teach what ought not to be taught.

Why do not the movies exhibit films showing exactly how and why the house fly is a dangerous enemy to health and exactly how the fly can be destroyed? The lesson that such pictures would give would go far toward counterbalancing the criticism of pictures of a more frivolous and less useful character. And aside from this lesson, a very interesting picture could be made of the habits of the house fly, unfortunately one of the commonest of our neighbors, but too small and too agile to be revealed as he is without special study under a magnifying glass.

EDWARD HATCH Jr.,
Chairman Committee on Pollution and Sewage, the Merchants' Association of New York.

New York, June 11, 1921.

A Safety Valve

(From The Washington Post)

These are blessed days because there are so many people relieving their feelings by scoring ball games instead of their luck.

The Conning Tower

LIFE

Life, if you ask me news of it,
Is good and ill and nothing long:
A stab of pain, a flash of wit;
A sigh—a song.

A bluebird; fluttering apple-bloom;
A snake that strikes; a wasp that stings;
A spreading flame—a fireless room—
So many things!

So many things, and nothing long;
So many weary things—and fair!
A baby's laugh—an old man's song—
A woman's hair . . .

LEE WILSON DODD.

These Sunday stories entitled "Christmas in Tierra del Fuego" or "Thanksgiving in Many Lands" don't raise our blood pressure a point, but we should like to read a piece called "How Grover Cleveland Bergdoll Spent July 4."

"I shall have my baton for the Anti-Prohib Parade," writes Rocco. "But who will play the cornedyet, the claretnet, and the pickle-o?" And who the sackbut?

Our Own Travelogues

The waters of this lake are so cold that the trout seeks them as it did before the white men came and so clear that they catch and hold all the rose and amethyst of each setting sun. The natives are a kindly people—save only when they have aces back to back.

A. W.

Skaneateles Lake, N. Y.

So poor a memory has a friend of Old Don Herold's that Don says he couldn't get a job calling stations on a shuttle train.

The Pre-Nuptial Chill

[From The World]

Mrs. Dey testified she first noticed her husband was growing cold one morning in 1910, when he failed to kiss her as he started for business. They were married October 23, 1920.

Mr. Belasco and Mr. Cohan may both retire from the theatrical producing game; and, as Kid Gleason said to Al Keefe, San Francisco Bay may be made of grape juice.

For honorary membership in the Finnegan Club we propose the traveling plans of Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen.

Gopher Prairie Papers Please Copy

[From The Lynbrook (N. Y.) New Era]

At the meeting of the members of the Cosmopolitan Study Club, which was held at the home of Mrs. J. O. Reither, Earle Avenue, last Thursday afternoon, a course of study for the year was submitted. It will consist of the ten great religions, to be studied in six one-half hour lessons, and six one-half hour lessons about great philosophers. Other books are Plutarch's Life, Les Miserables, The Seven Lamps of Architecture, by Ruskin; Romola, by Elliot; The Scarlet Letter, by Hawthorne; Short Stories, by O. Henry; Testing a Great Race, by Madison Brant, and the authors Turgeueff and H. G. Wells. During the afternoon Mrs. Gharsen gave an interesting reading of The Father, after which the meeting was brought to a close by the serving of a repast by the hostess.

"When a man comes home reeling under the influence of a cigar," says Dr. Frank Crane, "and heats up his family it will be time to consider anti-tobacco laws." The esteemed Doctor palpably is unfamiliar with Calverley's, telling how tobacco-users

How they who use fusees
All grow by slow degrees
Brainless as chimpanzees,
Meager as lizards;
Go mad, and beat their wives;
Plunge, after shocking lives,
Razors and carving knives
Into their gizzards.

Gotham Gleanings

—News are scarce this week.

—Rollin Kirby bached it last wk.

—Typical June weather we are having.

—Miss Violet Palmer has got a new auto.

—Bill Hays of Sullivan, Ind., was here Thursday.

—Who will be the next Mayor is absorbing the attention of many.

—Mrs. Sally James Farnham was over to the nat'l capital last week.

—Raymond Ives left for Cuba Saturday to be gone for several months on bus.

—Miss Baird Leonard Saturdayed in Farmington, Conn., recovering from a spell of rheumatism.

—Herb Swope has leased the cottage next to the Lardner mansion at Gt. Neck for the heated term.

—Sam Rowe of Chgo is making elaborate plans to come here next wk. for the Princeton commencement.

—Marc Connelly is working off his condition in French at the Berlitz School and expects to qualify for the track team in the autumn.

Just what the illustrated dailies and the Sunday rotos would do if there were no "laws" against one-piece bathing suits, this poor brain finds itself incapable of imagining.

The Comic Malady

[From The Glens Falls Times]

Henry Colpay, Hudson Falls, is stopping at Geo. Luttes, convulsing from an attack of grippe.

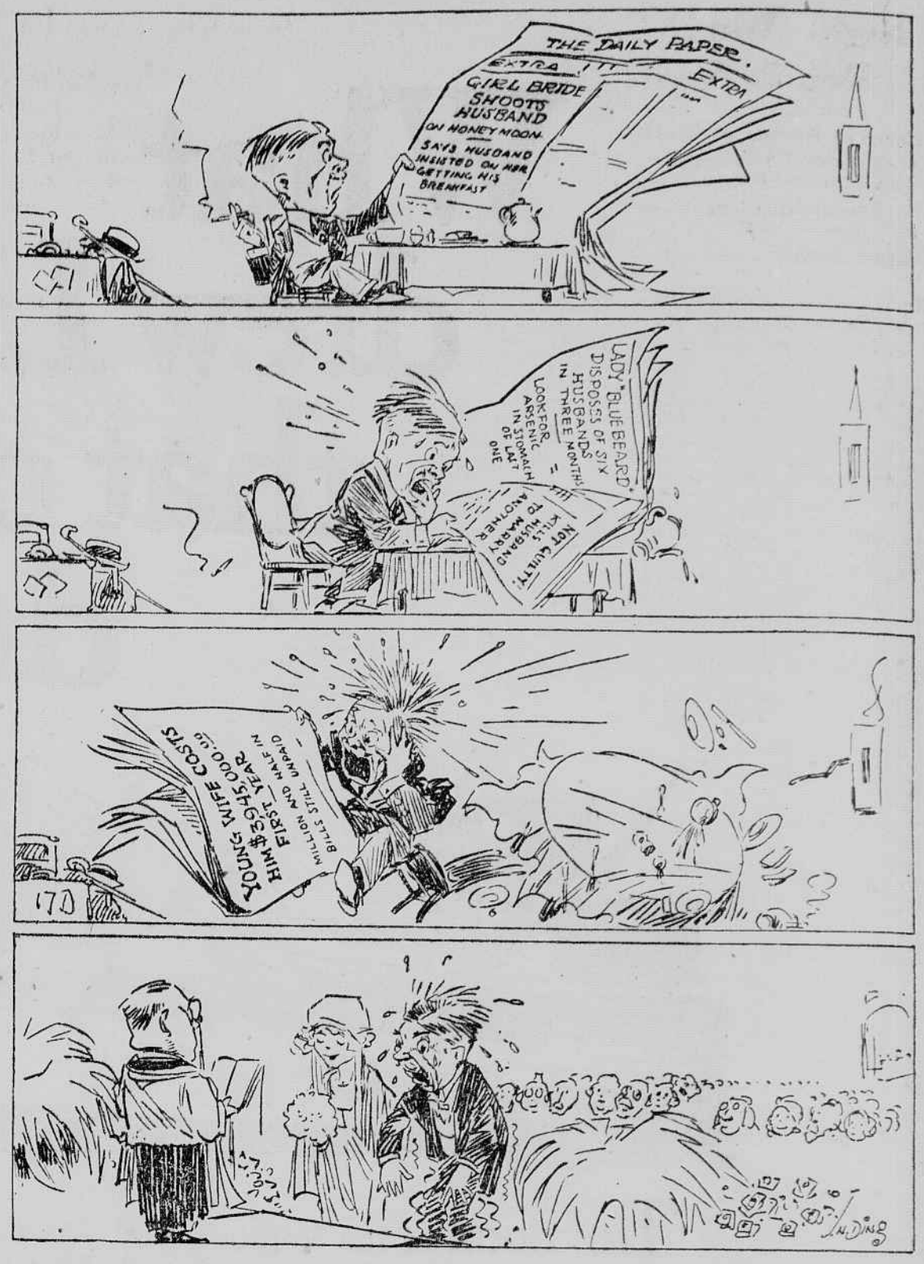
There are seventy stanzas in the Uruguay national anthem, which fact may account for the Uruguay standing army.

What Prexy Obregon wants to hear the United States say is "Advance one, and be recognized."

Milk week is over, and probably the cows are discontented again.

F. P. A.

WHY BRIDEGROOMS ARE NERVOUS DURING THE CEREMONY



Books

By Heywood Broun

"The other day," writes Samuel Merwin, "you let slip the remark, somewhere in your book comment, that there doesn't seem to be much writing for the fun of it any more.

"Brushing aside Dr. Johnson's famous remark to the effect that the only motive for producing literature is the need of money (and it is true enough that something, some desperate urge, must usually drive a writer down through that mental crust above which most of us have our entire mental being)—brushing aside, too, Stevenson's fine half-truth, 'for art is, first of all and last of all, a trade'—let me say that you must be, you are, wrong.

"Of certain of us rather old-fashioned tellers of tales the worst may be freely said. We cling pathetically to a sense of form. We indulge, when we hope no stern young psycho-analyst or vorticist is looking, in the happy ending. We receive pay for our work, and are therefore commercialists. We permit our work even to appear in popular magazines, and are therefore prostitutes.

"All this is bad enough. But we did at least suppose we were enjoying it. The thrill of recognizing a story as one's own when it first peeps elusively over the threshold of consciousness has at times been ours. We have known the joy of writing swiftly in a fine rhythmic flow through the quiet hours of the night when the clock seems to strike every few minutes and mighty silent forces seem to flow through one's veins. Is there finer pleasure than that of feeling a character come true in some incident or situation? Or than that of drawing out, little by little—and oh, so gently and deftly, lest it break like a cobweb—the pretty thread of a story?

"And the fun of experimenting. They dwell heavily on subject matter nowadays. A novel is 'about' this or that. But to perceive—oh, so clearly!—that the very qualities you love—the glow of romance, the finely chiseled bit of real characterization—sometimes blend happily, sometimes don't. To try it this way and that, driven on by the sheer love of writing and by the hope that this time the thing may come off, that for a moment you may sense and see beauty—isn't that fun? Even to fail at it, as you must at least part of the time, brings its compensations; you gained a little something at this point, or learned a useful lesson in losing at that.

"There is a paragraph in my Henry Is Twenty that is, as it stands, the result of nearly sixty experimental rewritings. And so it appeared in one of those dreadful magazines, and very young people cried—'How could you!' But they couldn't rob me of the fun I had. And—honest, now!—if I'd been doing it just for money, why waste so much time? And I wrote the first twenty thousand words of Anthony the Absolute within less than a week. And oh, boy, the thrill of that experience!

"Writing in Red and Gold was glorious fun. I couldn't let it alone; couldn't get away from it, day or hardly night. You didn't know that. You said that the 'melodrama' in it wasn't 'the most spontaneous thing in the world.' That's all right, too, but I would gladly have shared with you, if I could, the fun of telling about Dixie Carmichael as she sat so quietly in Kang Yu's garden looking on at those hideous scenes. I liked Dixie. I liked the little tinkling wind bells and the fragrant smell of the columns of nanmu wood. I haven't thrown off the spell of that evening even yet.

"Conrad must have known profoundly the joy (and the perplexity) of experimental writing; for his, when it comes right, is a blend of the romantic instinct, melodrama and all, with that uncompromising feeling for real characters. It all came off gloriously in Lord Jim, and pretty well in The Arrow of Gold, but failed in, say, Under Western Eyes. But I'm willing to concede him a good deal of fun in writing even that book, though it bored me.

"Even those earlier men, who were as 'commercial' as the most depraved of us to-day, had their fun. I'm sure Balzac, sneaking from apartment to apartment to avoid those monstrous creditors, finally picturing himself as a business man among men, must have enjoyed some of his work. He really must. Shakespeare, putting on his three plays a year at the old Globe, quarreling with those insatiable actors, throwing in vulgarity and dirt to make the pit howl with ribald glee, and, finally, thriftily salting down his hard-earned profits in Stratford real estate—I'm sure, as I read him, that at times he wrote for the fun of it.

"Dickens grinding it out serially to keep those weekly parts up with the greedy presses—he must have enjoyed some of it. Scott, from day to day scaling down that big debt, had his moments, surely. And it is difficult to escape a feeling of sympathetic interest in Dumas père as he cheerfully signs contracts to write and deliver forty novels in one year. He had his fun, that old rascal!

"The plain truth appears to be that your real writer is going to write, whether you like it or don't; not wait for a 'subject,' and not stop when his literal memoirs are exhausted; but write on and on, even, in a pinch, using his imagination. The poor fellow can't help it. Even if he should be paid well for it and thrust into those dreadful magazines; even if he should be advertised as a 'best seller' and find himself looked down upon by every young imagist in New York and Chicago, he'll have to go on. For it's the only fun he knows.

"And it is an honest-to-God trade. Stevenson again—the time comes when a man should cease prelusory gymnastics, stand up, put a violence upon his will, and for better or worse begin the business of creation.

"Or are they laughing at Stevenson now?"

The Treasury's Seal

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: A correspondent pointed out in your paper the other day that one government department uses the expression "The United States of America" in reference to this country, while another department uses simply "The United States."

If you look at the seal on all the paper money of our national government you will find that it reads as follows:

"Thesaur. Amer. Septent. Sigil."

That is, in full, Thesauri Americæ Septentrionalis Sigillum (Seal of the Treasury of North America).

LOUIS ENRIGHT.

New York, June 11, 1921.

Before Columbus

Unknown "Discoverers" of America; 1492 the Big Date

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The correspondence evoked by your recent editorial on the subject of the first white visitor to the North River, leading to the larger consideration of the original discoverer of America, calls for a word of caution. Students of history must go softly in these trying days of varying allegiance in shaking faith in traditional heroes.

Most historians of to-day accept the visit to America of Leif Ericson, son of that intrepid Eric the Red who first settled Greenland, but at the same time they acknowledge Christopher Columbus as the real discoverer of the Western Hemisphere. The Norsemen, for very pardonable reasons, never followed up their discovery with permanent settlement, whereas the visit of Columbus, made at a time when the mariner's compass and gunpowder had provided the chief aids to discovery and conquest, led definitely to the introduction of European civilization into the New World.

In Volume I of the very newest collection of American history, The Chronicles of America, Ellsworth Huntington discusses unidentified "discoverers" of prehistoric America. Granting the visit of Leif, even he was antedated by some thousands of years perhaps, as Mr. Huntington notes, by some mariner belonging to one of the peoples of the eastern Mediterranean, blown to the shores of America by the steady trade winds. In this case the chief evidence is a striking similarity of architecture and almost an identity of signs of the zodiac used in pre-Columbian America and in Mediterranean lands.

As to the statement of "Truth" that Columbus "never placed foot on our America," this is not strictly true. He did not visit the coast of what has become the modern United States, but on his fourth voyage he did visit the coast of Central America from Cariari, in Nicaragua, to the site of Puerto Bello, in Panama, "hearing," in the words of another authority, Irving Berdine Richman, in Volume II of The Chronicles of America, "of 'pepper' and of peoples in 'rich clothing,' of commerce and of the 'River Ganges.'" It is only fair to state that to the day of his death Columbus was unaware that he had discovered anything but the eastern coast of Asia, but the fact remains that the history of modern civilization in America begins at October 12, 1492.

ARTHUR EDWIN KROWS.

New York, June 11, 1921.

"Babe" Ruth's Day in Jail

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I see that "Babe" Ruth was sentenced to a day in jail. How much is a day? The accounts indicate that he was sentenced somewhere about noon and was released about 4 p. m. the same day.

Is this one of those cases in which a prisoner's good behavior takes about 55 to 75 per cent off his term? Great are the penological theorists!

I. GOODNOW.

New York, June 11, 1921.

A Sure Cure

(From The Boston Transcript)

Having laid down the principle that "the only way to abolish divorce is to abolish marriage," Bernard Shaw can now go on with the noble work of abolishing death by arranging that nobody shall be born.